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WELLINGTON, OHIO, THURSDAY, APRIL .17, 1879.

NUMBER 30

THE QUESTION.

VOLUME XII.

Then fame can be wen and good can be done, Would you wish death's hand to darken the skies We list to the promise the brooklet gives, We look aloft on the azure sky.

And we clasp our beloved to our tremble No, no! not in youth is the time to die! Would you like to die," says a thrilling voice

Te look on the world, with its loveless lives, We turn to our Lord with outstructed arms;
"Uh, let us not stay till age draws nigh!
Take us home, take us home, ere the bloom is ge
For youth, fresh youth is the time to die!"

THE MASSED HORSEMAN.

The battle of Naseby, which was so disstrous in its results to the fortunes of th se of Stuart, was, in a manner, but the

which had for a long time occu menacing the luckless king.

Among the many stalwart youths of England which the exigencies of the period forced into the decisions and actions of men were three of about equal ages, and who, however dissimilar in form and temperament, had held each other in the warmest friendship and estimation. Sylvester King Arthur Dale and Roger Hinester King, Arthur Dale and Roger Hip-calcy—for these were the

vester King, Arthur Dale and Roger Hippealey—for these were their respective
names—led a thoughtless, happy life, un
til the dissentions of party began to disturb the peace of the people and the discordant trumpet of civil war to sound
throughout the land.

The consequence of these events to our
three friends was that the rough hand of
war soon separated them—although for a
period Sylvester King and Arthur Dale
fought in a cavalier regiment together,
while Roger Hippesley took a command
under General Lord Fairfax. Roger Hippesley, the Puritan soldier, had a beautiful young sister—a creature of that haughpestey, the Puritan soldier, had a beautiful young sister—a creature of that haughty bearing and dazzling loveliness which united with itself all that is high born and peaceful in the air of a court that has grafted upon its severer etiquette the polish and splendors of that of the French

monarch.

It had been the custom for the three young friends to spends their vacations by turns at each other's homes. Reger's was the only one where an attraction of more than an unusual degree was to be found. Sylvester King could give them amusement with horses and hounds. Arthur Dale, whose family lived in the wild border land, could lead them into the track of the deer, or bear them across the lake in his light and buoyant bark. But in the graver home of Roger Hippesley there was this magnificent young creature, who was so different from the stern, grave-looking person she called father, and whose face grew brighter by contrast when one ce grew brighter by contrast when one oked on the serious but handsome face

of her brother.

Thus the early training of Henrietta rendered the tranquility of home distasteful hall, them. nected with a high-born and titled Royal-ist family. This branch the elder Hippes-ley, since he had been aroused into action, and had taken his share of duty, both in Parliament and in the field, had repudiated with reedless acerbity. Beautiful and Parliament and in the field, had repudiated with reedless acerbity. Beautiful and vain, at the age of eighteen; flattered and caressed at Court, and moving in the higher circles of rank and fashion, then remarkable for their elegance and polish, the dull sameness of Hippesley Hall repelled Henrietta, and when the college holidays came on, the presence of her brother's friend's amused and distracted her, while at seasons of the year a continual influx of guests, coming and going, lightened the monotony of home, and so far rendered existence endurable.

stence endurable.

The result, in fine, was that the two roung men began to find themselves strangely moved in the presence of the bright creature who was so witty, so accomplished, and who had such inconceiva-

elegance of manner, was so gallant, danced with grace, and in fine she showed that the superficial had more attractions for her— that a glittering exterior had a greater hold than any qualities which commanded more

than any quantites which commanded more respect.

So Henricita Hippesley was betrothed to Sylvester King, and Rodger Hippesley regretted it; for several matters since had, from time to time, come to light, showing that Sylvester was not so worthy of the love and devotion which Henricita bestowed upon him as he ought to have been. On the other hand, the anger and the indignation of her father knew no bounds when he learned that his daughter had betrothed herself to a royalist; and as these feelings had become embittered by three or four years of broils and constant

three or four years of broils and constant battles—by desperate sieges, reciprocal deeds of vengeance, and the fearful issues of the stricken fields—they were only the more confirmed and established.

During the troublous times, too, it had been strengthened and fortified sufficient ly to resist an attack from the numerous parties of stragglers which had scoured the country from time to time; and knowing the zeal of its owner, this party of some score or so of horse had no doubt but that there they should receive help and shelter.

being actually massacred—and whose bravery might have won forbearance—were spared, out of respect which the men still paid toward their commanding

But, in the mean time, a singular scene was passing within the ha.l.

ing the tather's hate by loving his daughter. We are the victors to-day, and you will do well to yield to the chances of war."

Thou liest, man! and that will soon be seen. So, release your hold, and quit the chamber your person pollutes; for even her presence shall not protect you from my vengeance!" And as he spoke he drew his sword and advanced, with a dark brow and flashing ever to part them.

Both reached the first floor at the same moment. They stopped and listened. Wash thought he heard the burglars in the parlor. Simpson felt sure the rascal was in the dining room pocketing the spoons. So while Wash trod noiselessly frontwards Simpson stepped stealthily to the rear. Midway in the hall they came into collision. Each felt perfectly certain that the other was the harder.

and flashing eye, to part them. But as if this had roused up all that was bad in his nature, Sylvester, who had been irritated by the Puritan's words, seized a pistol in his belt, and pointing it full at his opponent's breast, fired, and the bullet stauck him in the sheulder, so that the sword fell out of his nerveless hand.

"Spare him! In heaven's name do n into a chair.

stamping his foot, as two or three troopers entered. "Here, Corporal, we have found a prize. Take your belts and strap up the old Roundhead in one of your saddles, an let two men guard him. He will do fo ritan away. Sylvester turned toward Hen-rietta, having determined to take her away with him. When Arthur Dale, fearing some mischlef might happen to her whom he loved better than life, entered the cham-

and, in the heat of the moment, their swords crossed, and the chamber became the scene of a deadly combat—Sylveste being severely wounded, and only rescued by the entrance of his men. In the re vengeful feeling which actuated him, Sylvester ordered them to sieze upon Arthur; and, putting him under arrest for lifting his hand against his superior officer, he deprived him of his sword and sent him away guarded. A body of them, commanded by a Corporal, had already quitted the but hearing the elder Hippesley with

Hippesley was borne away a prisoner weak and fainting from his wound, and led by Sylvester King, was carried to the royalists' camp some miles away. Another body, having Arthur Dale still under arrest, hurried on toward head-quarters; but this was not so fortunate, for meeting with a strong reinforcement about to join the forces of Cromwell it was surrounded by the enemy and taken in turn, Arthur thus becoming a prisoner to Roger Hip pesley, who commanded the force, and who instantly liberated him on his parole It was not long, therefore, before the friends exchanged confidences, and Roger learned what a debt he owed to Sylvester for having sought to slay his father so foul-ly and to make his sister forget her duty.

It was on a bright and breezy noon some time after Naseby was fought that a solitary horseman might have been seen crossting, by a bridle road, a section of that parof Charnwood Forest, or what was left of it. which shortened the distance by some few miles, to a town yet help for the royalists, but which was being now riddled by the cannonjof Cromwell's gunners and fast yielding to fate.

The horseman was Sylvester King and

prospects which were working in his breast, he saw, on the opposite verge, ricing to meet him, a masked horseman it he guise of a Cavalier, who pulled up strongly built animal in the front, a though he intended to dispute the pass.

"Halt!" cried the masked horseman (Yon carry some papers I re. mire!"

You carry some papers I require!"
In effect, Sylvester King had these portant papers on his person.
One paper was the death warrant of thur Dale—yielded to his party, by

house in a fit of pitiless malignance. Henrietta having meanwhile been removed to safer keeping in the metropolis, and where her psuedo lover dared not seek her. This warrant the false lover and forsworn friend had sworn to put into force.

"Who dares to stop me," cried Sylvester, drawing a petronel and seeking to discharge it, uselessly, however, for, by accident, or design, it flashed in the pan.

"Traitor! False friend! Blot upon the very cause which some noble hearts have rendered almost holy, yield the papers you carry about you or you yield your life!"

"Ha, Master Hippesley! do you follow the old practices of these forests, and set your life upon so loose a cast of the die?" exclaimed Sylvester, in a scoffing voice, which had once been so honest and

hat the other was the burglar. Wash grappled with his antagonist in stantly. Simpson knew that a death struggle had begun, so he took hold with all his might. Neither had a chance to draw his weapons.

his weapons.

Wash struggled to throw his burglar down, and Simpson, perceiving the game made a huge effort to prostrate Wash. They pushed, and pulled, and jerked, and shoved, and panted, bumping up against the wall, kicking up the carpet, and making such a hubbub that Mrs. Simpson, up stairs in her room, and afraid to come out, lifted up her voice, and screamed with

awful vehemence.

After a fearful and desperate struggle, during which Wash had his coat turn to let two men guard him. He will do for ransom, if he can be of no other use."

And while the men with but little tenderness, bound and bore the wounded Putterness, bound and bore the wounded Putterness bound and bore the wounded Putterness Subsector turned toward. He was subsector turned toward He. nelon, Wash let go a moment to get his breath. Thereupon Simpson made a rush

You don't say so! Why, my gracious, 've had a fight with one, too; and I think

entry."
"Not in the entry, you don't mean?"
"Yes," said Wash, in the entry. "Nearly banged the head off of him. Where as your man?" "It is queer," replied Wash; "because hammered his nose against it must be mashed flat."

"The burglar's; and he tore my coat t "The burglar."

Simpson was silent a minute, and he said: "Come in here to the light."
They entered the bath room, and Washooked at Simpson, and Simpson looked "Wash!" said Simpson.

"What?" said Wash. "Wash, you're the biggest idiot in the state. Hang me if I don't believe you've been fighting with me! Look at my nose."
"No! you don't say? Did you pull out your burglar's hair, and splinter up his coat." oa?"
"I'm afraid I did," said Simpson.

Just at this moment Mrs. Simpson flew Just at this moment Mrs. Simpson flew
from her room, down the hall-way, and
into the bath-room, where she fell on her
knees, clasped her hands, and shrieked:
"Save me, James! oh, save me! Washington, save me! save me! Don't let me
be murdered! Don't! don't! oh, don't."
Simpson looked sheepishly at Wash,
and then, without saying a word, he
seized Mrs. Simpson by the arm, ran her
over to her hed from and slammed the over to her bed room, and slammed the door. Then George Washington Budd went sadly up stairs, disgorged his mur-

derous apparatus, locked his bowie in his trunk, and went to bed.

Both combatants swore secrecy; but Simpson couldn't help telling his wife, and she spread it of course, and here it is.

The Bevit Fish.

One of the fishermen employed by Larco in drawing his nets this morning found entangled in its meshes a devil fish of large size. The ugly thing was so entangled, and held on with such tenactry that it was brought into the boat only after tearing the net badly. The body of the monster is an elongated oval about 15 inches wide and four feet long from the head to the end of the spear shaped tail. The mouth, or rather beak, is exactly like the mandibles of a hawk, and is placed under neath the body. The long arms or feelers, of which there are eight, radiate from around this beak, and the largest of them are upward of seven feet in length, making 11 feet from the end of the two longest tentacles to the tip of the tail. The other arms are from four to five feet long. The under side of these feelers for about two feet from the tip is armed with rows of sharp pointed hooks, increasing in size as

learned the value of simple outer show, began to learn that there was an inner worth which might bring her a blessing to cultivate.

And thus the "Masked Horseman" played in that protean drama one of those pro-

What Garden Have You?

manded by Sylvester King, who at the very moment that his men were committed in the neighborhood in which the provided of all the ties which bound him to respect her, and for her sake those who dwelt beneath the shadow of the old Puritam's roof was prisosing to her the base plan of flight with him.

Miscreant!" exclaimed a deep, harsh voic, emanating from one corner of the chander. "Despiser of that which you should hold most hold! Traitor to the chander. "Despiser of the which you should hold most hold! Traitor to the work which were traited in the neighborhood in which the shadow of the old puritam's roof was prisosing to her the base plan of flight with him. "Miscreant!" exclaimed a deep, harsh voic, emanating from one corner of the chander. "Despiser of that which you should hold most hold! Traitor to that the work was the same that the same that the same traited was tacred! Do you show yourself to this deladed girl in your true colors! And you, fickle and foolish (turning to his daughter, who stood pale and trembling), as the first propriete to condition the terminal traits and manual tion have been collected to condition the condition of the conditi more or less, according to the size of fam-ily, will suffice. Select the best soil available, as near the house as possible, but at a distance if absolutely necessary. A good loam where water never stands is desirable. Heavy clay will not do well without a good deal of preparation. If not naturally dry, underdraining is desirable, but even an open ditch around the plot, and one or two through it if needed, may answer for the present. Plow and harrow fine, working in a liberal supply of the best well rot-ted manure that can be obtained—half a wagon load on every square rod will be the better, but much less less can be got alpng with. The directions for planting, cultivation, etc., are given in our "Hints for Work," from time to time, beginning

Agriculturist for April.

The Squirrel Pest of California.

When the first settlers on the rich farming lands along our rivers, and creeks, and structural implements. The blacksmith and the carpenter and every artisan must have tools suited to their various work. Now, books are to ministers what implements and became covered with wheat, vegetables, fruit trees, the advantages of living on well-tilled farms became evident to the whole troop of squirrels, who had before been scattered on hillsides, supported by acorns, grass-seeds, and similar uncivil
In prothing left with which to buy literature. Therefore bring the books.

The farmer cannot till the soil without the soil without the soil without the soil without agricultural implements. The blacksmith and the carpenter and every artisan must have tools suited to their various work. Now, books are to ministers what implements and tools are to other workmen, and the necessity is alike urgent that both classes be supplied with proper instruments. There are books enough stowed away in the garrets of the rich to make by acorns, grass-seeds, and similar uncivil
In prothing left with which to buy literature. Therefore bring the books.

The farmer cannot till the soil without the s if it had swelled to the size of a watermelon, Wash let go a moment to get his
breath. Thereupon Simpson made arush
for the front door quietly, in the dark, and
Wash, pretty well scared and tired of
war,
dashed off up the back stairs, resolved to
go and see why Simpson didn't come and
help wipe that burgiar out.
A Simpson got to the landing, he
was wash, sform by the dim light of the
word the room, in the back entry.

"Who's that?" shouted Simpson, nervously, feeling for his revolver.

"Me, Wash," replied his brother-in-law.
Simpson went to him, and said:
"Thunder and lightning, Wash,
why didn't you come sooner?"

"Sooner! Why, where have you been?
I've had the most savel.
"Sooner! Why, where have you been?
I've had the most savel.
"Sooner! Why, where have you been?
I've had the most savel.
"Sooner! Why, where have you been?
I've had the most savel.
"Sooner! Why, where have you been?
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I've had the most savel.
"Sooner! Why, where have you been?
I've had the most savel.
"Sooner! Why, where have you been?
I've had the most savel.
"So one! I've had the most and tools are to other workmen, and the carbent and tools are to other workmen, and the missonaits to the had tools are to other workmen, and the missonaits of the rich to

ed gentlevean of leisure, who is taking his daily dose of atmosphere. Most farmers, however, understand that when a squirrel sits up unusually straight and looks as mild as the heart of May, it is prima facie evidence that he is plotting mischief and planning further raids upon property.

Here is a pest which, if the truth were known, would be found to destroy, year after year, grain enough to make in the aggregate an enough to make in the aggregate and an old devotional wolume which I have used ever since with pleasure, and, I trust, with profit, Since entering the ministry, many books have been given to me, for all of which I am very, very, grateful. I have fared much better than I deserved. A generous lady friend not long ago gave me a check for two hundred dollars (\$200). suggesting aggregate an enormous tax upon all conterned. This is an evil which must be fought with steady, bitter purpose, and by united action. There are enough effective modes of poisoning known. The point is to keep them in effective operation, and when one method becomes a little too fa

ing spring; in the hot summer months use watermelon rinds; and use when these fail, wheat prepared in some other way, either wheat with phosphorus or otherwise.

—[San Francisco Bulletin.

Since during the acts of sensation and intellection phosphorus is consumed in the brain and neverous system, there arises a necessity to restore the portions so consumed, or, as the popular expression is, to use brain food. Now, as every one knows, it is the property of phosphorus to shine in the dark; and as fish in a certain stage of putrefactive decay often emit light, or become phosphorescent, it has been thought this is due to the abundance of phosphorus their flesh contains, and hence that they are eminently suitable for the nourishment of the nervous system, and are an invalua' le brain food. Under that idea many persons resort to a diet of fish and persuade themselves that they derive advantage from it an inprovement in the reasoning powers. But the flesh of fish contains no excess of phosphorus, nor does its shining depend on that element. Decaying willow wood shines even more brilliantly than decaying fish; it may sometimes be discerned afar off at night. The shining in the two cases is due to the same cause—the oxidation of carbon, not of phosphorus, in organic substances containing perhaps, not a perceptible trace of the latter, element. Yet surely no one found himself rising to a poetical

An interesting archæological observa-tion has recently been made quite acci-of us; and if, too, it be uttered as an arrow

mean that, if possible, they would use the bark of a dog for medicinal pur-

RELIGIOUS.

A PRAYER. BY BUTH DANA. I bow my nead, I bend my knee, I call thy name with anguished cry Thou, on thy far-off mercy throne Have pity on my ceaseless moan; Lord, let thy mercy's power be sho I pray thee that thy spirit may Lead me in some diviner way, And teach me to forget this day.

I pray thee that this grief I know May lift me, though I am brought low: May teach me gladness out of woe. For him who for our lives has died, For those sad wounds that pierced his side, Lord, heal my poor heart crucified!

When Saint Paul, the greatest of Christian missionaries, was at Rome he sent back word to Timothy to bring on his cloak and his books. He wanted the one to warm and comfort the body; and the seems to me that our home missionaries would make the same appeal to day if they were to let their wants be known, and they would probably place the emphasis on the books. Whether laboring on the western pray and preach better, and being made wiser in word and work, will be more suc

cessful in winning souls to Christ. There fore bring the books. When the boxes are being filled for the missionaries, and the cloaks and the clothes are gathered to cover and comfort the cold and the naked, then let the benevolent also remember to bring the

wagon load on every square rod will be books.

To an educated man no privation is felt many devout and godly men are preaching the best varities of vegetables, see article on page 84 of March number.—[American Agriculturist for April.

nevolent also remember to bring the books.

To an educated man no privation is felt many devout and godly men are preaching the best varities of vegetables, see article on page 84 of March number.—[American Agriculturist for April.

nevolent also remember to bring the books.

To an educated man no privation is felt many devout and godly men are preaching the proof of the intruder, seems to be the object of life.

They have many ingenious devices for the furtherance of this object. The prompt the bare necessaries of life to their families and when that is donc they have absolute ly nothing left with which to buy literature.

Therefore bring the books.

Religious Conversation "Mere talk" is worth nothing, but wh is much to have the gospel well preached from pulpit to pews; it is perhaps of more importance to have the gospel talked from

peeded and winged with prayer. It is a bitter feeling which some, which

well as by hostility; by wanting oil to our lamps as well as by taking poison. The unprofitable servant will as surely be punished as the disobedient and rebellious servant. Undone duty will undo the soul.

As weeds grow fastest in fat soil, so ou corruptions grow and thrive most when our natural state is most prosperous. Therefore God's love and care of us con-

The public have recently been assured that they have the power of reforming the bad manners of clerks in shops, by speaking to the heads of the establishment There are, however, objections to this mode of procedure. In the first place, a lady in this way makes herself unpleasantly conof procedure. In the first place, a lady in this way makes herself unpleasantly conspicuous, and again it takes time. It is certainly a field for action, and, moved by that conviction, we have chosen to jot down a few feminine experiences in Boston shops within the last six months for the benefit of any "heads of establishments" who care to know how their business is conducted. It is believed that

Formerly the kind of manners most dreaded in the shops was a kind of bullying familiarity on the part of the men clerks, who had a way of forcing their goods, and of insulting those who declined to buy. Something quite different has taken its place,—a certain spirit of enmity toward all customers, as class, which seeme to animate both men and women attendants in certain places. Customers are treated as prying marginders, from

places, was told contemptuously that that was "Tom Thumb braid."

Another—"Have you any sort of narrow black and white flat trimming?" "Why," persists the hardened intruder, you must have something. What is that on the second shelt?" "Oh! that's silk."

"On! that's silk."

"Well," said the lady (whose sense of humor had survived several years of shopping), "what made you think that I did not want silk?" and to her credit be it told, although she did not want silk, she told, although she did not want silk, she bought a couple of yards by way of emphasizing the lesson.

I gave L for Christmas a lovely lace thing for the head, and I wanted a bow to surmount it. I went to——'s, vaguely thinking about color.

Myself—"I want some double-faced stain ribbon"

She—"What color do you wish?"

Myself—"Well, I was thinking of blue and black." She (snap up)—"We haven't any blue and black." Myself (fairly laughing)—"Well, that's odd, for I don't in the least care; let me look at all you have and decide."

Gazing on columns of ribbon I seem to see nothing but blue and black, and mention it.

see nothing but blue and black, and men-tion it.

She—"Oh, I thought that wasn't the whose face is shroud-width you wanted."

one turns and gazes at the gliding myste-ry of a girl in white whose face is shroud-ed from his view.—[From Hepworth Dix-

der how they acquired it. The secret of it—if there be any mystery about it—one wishes they would explain. But likely enough these persons are just the ones who have been so intent upon simply seeing what it is, and is true, and acting accordingly, that it has never occurred to them that there is any secret. A mind, alive with intelligence and useful thought, a heart tranquilly, constantly actuated by sentiments of devotion to God and generally took the omnibus, to proceed from the railroad station to the heart of the city. In the course of these excursions she contrived to become interested Religious conversation, like good conversation on any other subject, should be utterly free from affectation and cant. It should not go on stilts. It should not assume superior airs of sanctity or knowledge. It should be neither formal, nor too familiar. Care should be taken not to saying too much. A word may be better than a speech, especially if it be, in fact, one of the words of God, addressed to each of us; and if, too, it be uttered as an arrow speeded and winged with prayer.

It is a bitter feeling which some, which the matter after the marriage set and it must be presumed that she married him under the influence of pique. The family determined to try and get the marriage set aside on the ground of fraud. She had married under the name of Bevan, and they contended that had she given her name as It is a bitter feeling which some, which many have, that "no man cares for my soul." It is often a most sweet surprise to one, to find that some person has been cherishing a deep, tender solicitude for his souls welfare which he could no longer suppress.

Lee-Bevan the clergyman would have recognized it, and refused to have performed the ceremony; in fact, their plea was that the suppression of Lee was a suppression suppress.

"You would have name my instanced your possible from the three they should receive help shalter."

"You would have name my instanced your possible from the three three help shalter."

"You would have name my instanced your possible from the three three from the trans who ward soldiers, who had ridden long fifter the success of the saucer received, they were means the three states and the states are the saucer of the saucer received, they were means the three states are the saucer of the saucer received, and three states are the saucer of the saucer received, they were against the saucer of the saucer received, they were against the saucer of the saucer received, they were against the saucer of the saucer received, they were against the saucer of the saucer received, they were against the saucer of the saucer received, they were against the saucer of the saucer received, they were against the saucer of the saucer received, they were against the saucer of the saucer received, they were saucer than the saucer of the saucer received, they were saucer than the saucer of the saucer received, they were saucer than the saucer of the saucer received, they were saucer than the saucer of the saucer received, they were saucer than the saucer of the saucer received, they were saucer than the saucer of the saucer received, they were saucer than the saucer of the saucer received, they were saucer than the saucer of the saucer received, they were saucer than the saucer of the saucer received, the saucer of the saucer received, the saucer of the saucer received, they were saucer than the saucer than the saucer of the saucer received, the saucer of the saucer of the saucer received, the saucer of th times occurred in the case of persons of very high social position. Nor have they by any means invariably proven unhappy. —[New York Times.

A Life Saved by Story-There is a tale told by a London corres-pondent of Progress, of a sea captain who, in a distant corner of the southern seas, in a distant corner of the southern seas, visited an undiscovered or unexplored group of beautiful islands. After landing and trading with the gentle natives, he was astonished by the visit of a white man, evidently a person of means and consequence, who, after making himself very agreeable, implored the captain to give him a story book, if he had such a thing in his possession. The captain had, and, deeply touched by the pigs and cocoanuts which the white exile had given, bestowed on him a copy of the "Arabian Nights' Entertainments." Overcome by the present, the exile burst into tears, and cried, "You have saved my life and given me rank and wealth." In explanation, he said: "I should long ago have been eaten, but while they were fattening me I corruptions grow and thrive most when our natural state is most prosperous. Therefore God's love and care of us constrain Him sometimes to use severe discipline and to cut us short in our temporal enjoyment.—[Bishop Hopkins.

Those who are satisfied with the world for their portice, and seek not for happiness in God, feel no need for accepting the gospel invitation, and are in no uncasiness about their souls. But those who labor and are heavy laden are invited, and they come.—[Mathew Henry.]

Every promise of God rests on four pillars; His holiness and justice, which will not suffer Him to forget; His truth, which will not suffer Him to forget; His truth, which will not suffer him to change, and his power, which makes him able to accomplish.—[Salter.]

Perplexities of Shopping,

The child ong ago have been esten, but while they were fattening me I learned enough of their language to tell a child thr story of 'Little Red Riding Hood.' The child repeated it, and the whole population were mad with joy. They had never heard a story before. From that day I became a great and honored man. When they had a grand national festival I sat on the top of the hill, and thousands wept (while some elderly relative was being cooked for a feast) at the cruel death of the grandmother, as caused by the wicked wolf. I had with me a volume of 'Fairy Tales,' and I soon began to set a price on my performances. Red Riding Hood' is rather worn; I only get a hundred coeoar uts for her now, but 'Cinderella' is still good for four pigs and a turtle, and Beauty and the Beast brings six or seven, according to quality. But with the 'Arabian Nights' I shall be able to go on accumulating pork to the end of to go on accumulating pork to the end of my days."

A Life Saved by Story-Telling.

Mme Bonaparte's Wit.

It was while she was residing in Vienna that she made the retort to the English embassador at the Austrian court, which this way makes herself unplearantly conspicuous, and again it takes time. It is certainly a field for action, and, moved by that conviction, we have chosen to jot down a few feminine experiences in Boston shops within the last six months for the benefit of any "heads of establishments" who care to know how their business is conducted. It is believed that many of them would be surprised to know how much their interests suffer in some cases at the hands of those employed by them.

Formerly the kind of manners most dreaded in the shops was a kind of bullying familiarity on the part of the men clerks, who had a way of forcing their was repeated all over Europe. The story is that at a state dinner given by Prince Metternich it fell to the English Embassa. Met a dor to escort Madame Bonaparte. In the drawing room, previous to the dinner, they had conversed upon the character of Napoleon, whom the Englishman hated and Madame Bonaparte admired, and the embassador had suffered from her sar casm. At dinner he thought he would get even with his opponent. So when the soup was over he asked her if she had read Mrs. Trollope's book on America. "Well, Madame," he asked, "did you notice that Mrs. Trollope pronounces all

Americans vulgarians?"

"Yes," replied Madame Bonaparte, "and I am not surprised at that. Were the Americans the descendants of the Indians or Esquimaux I should be astonished, but being the direct descendants of the English, it is very natural that they should be vulgarians."

vulgarians."
The embassador said nothing more on

this subject."-[Baltimore Gazette. Henry Preble, an aged and well-known farmer residing in the southern part of Ripley county, made a death bed confes-sion on Sunday of a murder he committed

since to lay her eggs in the tender-box on Bob Hubbard's switch engine, and, not-withstanding that veteran's views to the contrary, she persisted in getting her work so far advanced that it was deemed prueggs in order to go into the spring chicken business, she finally settled down to her work, and is now daily sitting on her nest. She never leaves the engine only occasion-She never leaves the engine only occasionally when it stops in the yard, and then only for a few moments to fly off, pick around and stretch herself. The engine is in constant use, and crossing and recrossing the city daily, pulling long trains of cars. The engineer has fitted her up with a nice, comfortable cotton nest, and steam engine chickens.-[Augusta (Ga.)

At 9 or 10 the girls are lovely, having eyes like antelopes, and softly rounded cheeks, hinting at Hebe by and by. But in after years, when comeliness is needed most, much of this beauty fades. Fine eyes remain; but contour, color, bloom, expression, all depart. The Moslem females seem to understand their fate. If their sisters of the orthodox rite were males seem to understand their fate. If their sisters of the orthodox rite were knowing, they too would glide about the courts and market places veiled. A Christian woman bares her neck and face; a Moslem shows no more than a pair of sparkling eyes. No man looks twice at the retreating figure of a Greek, though she is habited in pink and amber. Every one turns and gazes at the gliding myste-

on's "British Cyprus."

A glass manufactory in Hanover, Germany, make glass which is a close imitation of marble, and tables and floor tiles which are pronounced preferable to marble on account of their extreme hardness.

"I don't believe in fashionable church

es," said a lady recently; "but after all, considering that we are all to go to the same heaven, perhaps it's better to keep up the social distinction as long as we

The popular song of the day is that ex

Rochester Sentinel: The disgraceful scandal that has occupied so much of the attention of the people in Wayne township has at last terminated in the complete vin-

Some men will never learn that a stove is not a sputoon until they are knocked down a few times by the proprietor theredown a few times dication of Mrs. Samuel Rouch, the step mother to the girl who bore an illeging mate child, and died a short time after.

E. R. Herman, deputy prosecuting attorney, interested himself in the case and found that Mrs. Rouch is not chargeable with any bad treatment of the girl, nor in any way responsible for her sickness and death.